ARISTIPPVS.

OR

THE IOVIALL PHILOSOPHER:

Presented in a priuate Shew.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED PEDLER.

Omnis Aristippum decuit Color & status & res.

Semel insaniuimus.

LONDON.
Ptinted for ROBERT ALLOT,
MDCXXXI.

ARISTIPPUS,

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Projected in a private Shew.

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THE PRAELVDIVM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and *forbidden by authority for their abuſes, could not be raiſed but by coniuring.*

Enter Prologus in a Circle.

BE not deceiu'd, I haue no bended knees,
No ſupple tongue, nor ſpeeches ſteep'd in Oyle,
No candied flattery, nor honied words.
I come an armed Prologue: arm'd with Arts,
Who by my ſacred charmes and myſtick skill,
By vertue of this all-commanding Wand
Stolne from the ſleepy *Mercury*, will raiſe
From blacke Abyſſe and ſutty hell, that mirth
Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Show,
Breake from thy Marble priſon, ſleepe no more
In myrie darkeneſſe, henceforth I forbid thee
To bathe in *Lethe's* muddy waues, aſcend
As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
And red with kiſſes that haue ſtain'd thy cheeke,
Grow freſh againe: What? is my power contemned?
Doſt thou not heare my call, whoſe power extends
To blaſt the boſome of our mother Earth?
To remoue heauens whole frame from off her hinges,
As to reuerſe all Natures lawes? Aſcend,

Or I will call a band of Furies foorth,
And all the tormentes wit of hell can frame
Shall force thee vp.

Enter Shew whipt by two Furies.

Shew. O spare your too officious whips a while,
Giue some small respit to my panting limbs,
Let me haue leaue to speake, and truce to parlie,
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute
This hated ayre: are not my paines sufficient,
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile?

Prolog. This thy release I seeke, I come to file
Those heauy shackels from thy wearied limbes,
And giue thee leaue to walke the Stage againe,
As free as vertue: Burne thy withered Bayes,
And with fresh Laurell crowne thy sacred Temples,
Cast off thy maske of darknesse, and appeare
As glorious as thy sister Comedy.
But first with teares, wash off that guilty sinne,
Purge out those ill-digested dregges of wit,
That vse their inke to blot a spotlesse fame,
Let's haue no one particular man traduc'd,
But like a Noble Eagle seaze on vice,
As she flies bold and open: spare the persons:
Let vs haue simple mirth, and innocent laughter;
Sweet-smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,
No venemous biting teeth, or forked tongues.
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

Shew. Then from the depth of truth I here protest,
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
Much lesse the good: I will not dare to say

That

That such a one pay'd for his fellowship,
And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer
Need feare the string of my detraction,
I'll giue all leaue to fill their guts in quiet:
I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,
No posts with enuious Newes and biting Packets,
You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
It is no Parliament: you that nothing haue
Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
May passe for good grand Sophies: all my skill
Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
As might become a *Cato*: I shall giue
No cause to grieue, that once more yet I liue.

Prolog. Goe then, and you Beadles of hell auaunt,
Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Heere, take these purer robes, and clad in those,
Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper, whilest my selfe intreate
Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and taste, and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
I come to haue my mirth approu'd, not skill:
Your laughter all I begge, and where you see
No iest worth laughing at, fiath laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compossibilitatis, & non secundum gradum incompossibilitatis. What should this *Sownz* meane by his possibilities & incompossibilities? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas*, and *Minsheu* are as farre to seeke as my selfe: not a word

of *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what I'll doe. I haue heard of a great Philosopher: I'll try what he can doe; They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe: yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne neuer lye from thence: they say'tis a Taverne too; for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the Towne but the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well: but since I am come thus farre, I will enquire: for this same *compossibilitas* and *incompossibilitas* sticks in my stomake.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir.

Sim. What Philosphy is this?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir? what would you haue Sir?

Sim. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Sim. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it lookes like a Greene Fish: what's yonder Greeke too? Now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hippathi-happathi; aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very good disjunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Heere Sir.

Sim. Ha? what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Sim. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why, this is *Aristippus*.

Sim. Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex, Nominalis & Realis*; or else the Philosopher liues like *Diogenes in dolio*: the President of Hogges-head Colledge: but I meane one *Aristippus*

Aristippus κατ' ἐξοχὴν the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Losopher, but heere be Scholers in the house, I'll send them to you: Anon, anon Sir, I cannot be heere and there too. Anon anon Sir.

Simp. This boy would haue but a fallacy vpon mee, in *Interrogatione plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha, ha, he. He his not a jot of Language in him more then anon, anon, Sir, O Gigglesiwicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simplenesse of these people; They doe euery thing *inuito*, and haue not a jot, not an inch of *nauum* in them. O what had become of mee, if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Preceptor*, with a Satchell at my backe?

Enter two Schollers.

Slaues are they that heape vp mountaines,
Still desiring more and more,
Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,
Neuer dreaming to be poore.
Giue vs then a Cup of liquor,
Fill vs vp vnto the brim,
For then we thinkes my wits grow quicker,
When my braines in liquer swim.

Ha braue *Aristippus*.

Poxe of *Aristotle* and *Plato*, and a company of drie Raskalls: But hey braue *Aristippus*.

Sim. Certainly, these are *Aristippus* his Schollers: Sir, pray can you resolue me what is *Gradus compossibilitatis*?

1 Schol. *What ailes thou, thou musing man?*
Diddle diddle doee.

2 Schol. *Quench thy sorrowes in a Canne,*
Diddle diddle doee.

Compossibilitas? Why, that's nothing man, when you ne'r drinke beyond your *posulum necessitatis*, you are *in gradu incompossibili* to all good fellowship: Come, hang *Scotus*, wee'll lead you to *Aristippus*, one Epitome of his in *quarto*, is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Sim.

Sim. O Gentlemen you will binde mee to thanke you in *Tanto Gratarum.* But what Philosophy doth hee read, and what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and day he powres forth his instructions, and fils you out of measure.

2 Hee'l make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double, and teach you to speake fluently, and vtter your minde in abundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollers, Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides. He neuer rests but is still cald for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristippus* sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea, and by Doctors sometimes.

2 And as merry a man. There can be no Feast, but hee is sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his company, you would neuer after endure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2 Wee will, braue boy: and when you haue seene him, youle thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to bee your owne man any longer.

Sim. But I pray you at what price reads he?

1 Why truely his price hath been raised of late, and his very name makes him the dearer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserues eight pence a Pinte tuition: Nay if you will learne any thing, Schollerships must be paid for. Academicall Simmnie is latufull: Nay did you euer heare of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, vnlesse his purse were the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall haue no more such in haste.

Enter Wilde-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1 The Vniuersity Ranter, a Mault Heretique, alias the Wilde-

Wilde-man that is growne mad to see the daily resort to *Aristippus*: but let vs leaue him to his frenzies.

But come you Lads that loue Canary,
Let vs haue a mad fegarie:
Hether, hether, hether, hether,
All good Fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt.

Wilde-man.

Braines, wits, senses, all flie hence: let fooles liue limed in Cages: I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde: is this an age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull vse of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on his death-bed? Tis aboue the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barly, and not run mad vpon't. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a Diuell or two take his red-nos'd Philosophy: 'Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to the Vineger-bottle; but I'll be reuenged: when next I meet him, I'll twist and twitch his bush-beard from his Tauerne face: 'Tis not his *hypathie happithi* can carry him out. Let him looke to bee soundlier dash'd by mee, then euer hee was by Drawer for his impudence. I'll teach my Spanish Don a French tricke, I'll either plague him with a Poxe, or haue some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge acquaintance of *Mild-Sacke*: if he was not either sent hither from the Britch Politique, or be not imployed by *Spinola* to seduce the Kings lawfull Subiects from their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold vp my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post, if hee had not a hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I say nothing, but hee has blowne vp good store of men in his dayes, houses and land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Vniuersity, the poore Country were as good haue the man in the Moone for their Pastor, as a Scholler. They are all so infected with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

Doctrine but Sacke and red Noſes. As for the Wilde-man, they haue made him horne-mad already.

Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-vp: this is the Mandrakes voyce that vndoe's me: you may heare him in faith. This is the Deuill of his that goes vp and downe like a roaring-Sheeps-head to gather his Pewter Librarie. I'll fit him I faith.

Beats him.

Now you Calues-skin impudence, I'll threſh your Iacket.

Beats him out.

Enter Ariſtippus and his two Schollers.

Ariſtip. What a coyl's heere? what fellowe's that? hee lookes like a mad hogſ-head of March-beere that had run out, and threatned a deluge: what is hee?

1. O'tis the Wilde-man ſir! a zealous brother that ſtands vp againſt the perſecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine it a degree aboue the reputation of *Aqua vitæ*.

2. I haue heard him ſweare by his *bona ottava*, that Sacke and *Roſa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

Wild. O art thou there, Saint *Dunſtan*? thou haſt vndone me, thou curſed Fryer *Bacon*, thou helliſh *Merlin*: but I'll be reuenged vpon thee. 'Tis not your Mephoſtopholis, not any other ſpirits of Rubie or Carbuncle, that you can raiſe, nor your good father in law Doctor *Fauſtus*, that coniures ſo many of vs into your Wines Circle, that with all their Magique, he ſhall ſecure you from my rage, you haue ſet a Spell for any mans comming into my houſe now.

Ariſt. Why, none of my credit hath choked vp your doores.

Wilde-man. But thou haſt bewitched my threſhold, diſturbed my houſe, and I'll haue thee hang'd in Gibbets for murthering my Beere: I'll haue thee tryed by a Iurie of Tapſters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou diſmall and diſaſtrous Conjurer.

Ariſt.

Arist. Why dost thou call mee Coniurer? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elues to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleeue it, for I am sure, since Sacke and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

Wilde-man. I'll put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'll scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Guzman*.

Arist. If hee and his Beere will not be quiet, draw vm both out.

Wilde-man. Yet I'll be reuenged, you raskall, I do not feare the Spanish Inquisition, I'll runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'll carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards haue conquered *Lisbon*, and *Siuill*. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is inuincible, and stinkes of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphose vs to balderdash.

Wilde-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'll be reueng'd on you; I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

1 *Schol.* Well *Domine*, though the *hora octaua* be not come, yet you may be gone. *Kicks him.*

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, haue you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sim. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I haue alwaies accounted Philosophy to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prius*? and these Schoolmen haue so puzled me, and my Dictionaries, that I despaire of vnderstanding them either *in summo gradu*, or *remisse*. I lay sicke of an *Hacceitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a wink for't; therefore good Sir teach me as *ευτυχως*, as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures, you must be matriculated, and haue your name recorded in *Albo Academia.*

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I haue as great a mind as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Giue him the oath.

2 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serue the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No, it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum.*

1 *Sim.* Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientialem.*

Schol. First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewiues, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinkes.

1 *Schol.* Next, you shall sweare to obserue the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert*, for the establishing of good gouernment in the ancient foundation of *Miter Colledge.*

Schol. Kisse the booke.

Drinkes againe.

Sim. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non aquinoot.*

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam priuatim*, in priuate houses, *quam publice*, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings: but alwaies and euery where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may haue no iust cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you neuer walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and casting Hood; especially when there is a Conuocation, and of all things take heede of running to the Assizes.

Sim.

Sim. 1. Is this the end, I pray you Sir, is this the *Finis?* τὸ τέλειον.

2 *Schol.* It is *vltimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione?*

1 *Schol.* *Execution*, that followes the Assizes.

Sim. But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum*, it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contra formam statuti.*

2 *Schol.* I but therefore you are sworne to keepe customes, *Non omnino secundum formam statuti.*

Arist. What, haue you inrolled him in *Albo?* haue you fully admitted him into the societie, to be a member of the body Academicke?

Sim. Yea Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *vnitate numerica*, we haue made an end of it, *secundum vltimum Complementum, & actualitatem.*

Arist. Well then, giue the attendance.

Most graue audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you taste the benefit of my knowledge, which cannot but please a iudicious pallat: for the rest, I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, and drinke Water.

Sim. We will attend Sir, and the *bibulis auribus.*

Arist. The many errours that haue crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the laudable custome of Sack-drinking better studied, we should haue fewer Gownes, and more Schollers.

1 *Schol.* A good note, for wee cannot see wood for trees, not Schollers for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole Vniuersitie is full of your honest Fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorkeshire* Belfrey, haue walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders: these you shall haue them study hard for foure or fiue yeeres, to returne home more fooles then they came: the reason whereof, is drinking Colledge taplash, that will let them haue no more learning, then they size; not a drop of wit more then

the Buttler sets on their heads.

2 *Schol.* 'Twere charity in him to sconce 'vm soundly, they would haue but a poore *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole liues in *Athens*, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies: *Hufons* Cakes, and *Paix* his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned, euery Prentice can ieere at their braue Cassockes, and laugh the Veluet Caps out of countenance.

1 *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorne of a what lake you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behauiour: hence comes the Bridelike simpering at a Iustice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Hysteron Proteron*.

Sim. 'Tis very true, I haue done the like my selfe, till I haue had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beere that hath putrified our Horsmanship, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkway*, but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your iourneyes. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath bene fed with false Latine, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Nouerint vniuerſi*.

Sim. Per præsentes me Simplicium.

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him, he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as clothes at *Cambridge*? Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophy.

Simp. Oh I am rauished with this admirall Metaphysicall Lecture,

Lecture, if euer I drinke Beere againe, let me turne ciuil Lawyer, or be powdred vp in one of *Lubers* barrels, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forsweare it. Fie vpon it, I could loue Sir *Gyles* for Presenting those notorious Alewiues. Oh, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, thou art equally diuine τῆ δυνάμει καὶ τῆ τελετῆ, the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince af Formalities, I aske my Starres whose influence doth gouerne this *orbem sublunarem*, that I may liue with thee, and die like the royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowsed vp to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

2. *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir, too much in his Lecture, and preuent your eares of their happinesse.

Sim. Oh heauens, I could heare him, *ad æternitatem*, and that, *tàm à parte ante, quàm à parte post*. O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophy canonicall, I will study they *scientiam* both *speculatiuam & practicam*. Pray let me once more forsweare the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, I'll be his perfect enemy, till I make him and bottle-Ale flie the Country.

Aristip. But Sacke is the life, soule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioues* Kitchin, but his Wine-Cellour, to increase the native heat and radicall moysture, without which, we are but drousie dust, or dead clay: this is *Nectar*, the very Nepenthe the gods were drunk with, 'tis this that gaue *Ganymede*, beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Ioue* his heauen and eternity; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had euer conquerd the world, if he had bin sober? he knew the force & valour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke with wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely heer's the difference: Ambition makes them rise, and wine makes them fall.

Aristip. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking Scholes, the Souldiers trained vp to the mustering of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death, by accustoming to be dead-drunke: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine, as Carbuncles.

buncles. A red nose is the grace of a Seriant Maior, and they vnworthy the place of Ancients that haue not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Tauerne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healths, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 *Schol.* And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin.

Arist. Thus you may easily perceiue the profit of Sack in military discipline, for that it may iustly seem to haue taken the name of Sacke from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie! If I bee a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drink Sack, for I will he as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceiue it was onely *culpa ignorantiæ*, not *prauæ dispositionis* that made me a coward: but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophie, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and euery thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materiâ, nec in formâ*. Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed, my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Arist. Next, it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able, if studied by a yong Heire, *mutare rerum species*, to change his House, Lands, Liuings, Tenements, and Liueries into *aurum potabile:* So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolued into Sack, must needs make his soule more capable of diuine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd, and freed from so much earth.

2 *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth? he is the best Philosopher, that can *omnia sua secum portare.*

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can bee inuented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head? A light head being as it were allied with heauen, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence: so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect,

ſellect, and vnderſtanding to be the inuention of Sacke, and a light head; what miſts of errour had clouded Philoſophy, till the neuer-ſufficiently praiſed *Copernicus* found out that the earth was moued, which he could neuer haue done, had hee not been inſtructed by Sacke, and a light head?

Sim. Hang mee then when I turne graue.

Ariſtip. This is the Philoſophy, the great Stagirite read to his Pupill, *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of Hiſtory to witneſſe.

Simp. 'Tis true, *per fidem Hiſtoricam*, for I haue read how when he had vanquiſhed the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Ariſtip. Now, to make our demonſtration to proue, no wine, no Philoſophy, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the onely Buts which Philoſophy aymes at.

1 *Schol.* And the Hogs-head is that *puteus Democriti*, from whence they might both be drawne.

Ariſtip. Sack, Clarret, Malmſey, White-wine and Hipocras are your fiue Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your ſubſtance, full cups your quantity, good wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called paſſion, your *quando* is midnight, your *vbi*, the Dolphin, your *ſitus* leaning, your *habitus* carouſing, afterclaps are your *poſt* predicaments, your *priorums* breaking of ieſts, your *poſteriorums* of glaſſes, falſe bils are your fallacies, the ſhot is *ſubtilis obiectio*, and the diſcharging of it is, *vera ſolutio*, ſeuerall humors are your moodes, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons muſt not be neglected, your drinking is Syllogiſmes, where a Pottle is the *maior terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premiſes, and pledging the concluſion, for it muſt not be diuided, Topicks or common places are the Tauernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three beſt Tutors in Vniuerſities.

Simp. And if I be not entred, and haue my name admit-

ted into some of their bookes, let *formæ mistæ* bee beaten out of mee.

Aristip. To perswade the Vintner to trust you, is good Rhetorick, and the best figure is Synechdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke aboue measure, is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backe-ward is star-gazing, and no *Iacobs* Staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the sweet harmony of good-fellowship, with now and then a discord, is your excellent musicke, Sacke it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meer solecisme, and Latine, be it true, or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best physicke to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory; and heere you haue an *Encuculi pædia* of Sciences, whose method being circulat, can neuer be so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Simp. If mine haue any other motion, it shall be *præter naturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I liue: I like that art of musicke wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson, play'd by the soule vpon the Organs of the body? O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha braue *Aristippus*: but in Poetry, 'tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and iuyce of a verse, yea, the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sacke, for to thinke *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sinne, as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers Horse.

Aristip. I know, some of these halfe-penny Almanack-makers doe not approue of this Philosophy, but giue you most abominable counsell in their Beggers Rhymes, which you are bound to beleeue as faithfully as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall heare some of *Erra Paters* Poetry.

I wish you all carefully,
Drinke Sacke but sparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keepe your health warily,
Take heed of ebriety,
Wine is an enemy,

Good

Good is ſobriety,
Fly baths and Venery.

For your often potations much crudities cauſe, by hindring the courſe of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that deſireth to liue till October, ought to be drunke in Iuly: but I hold it to be a great deale better that hee went to bed ſober. And let him alone, thou man in the Moone, yet had'ſt thou but read a leafe in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentia*, thou would'ſt haue ſcorn'd to haue bin of the water-Poets Tribe, or *Skeltons* family, but thou haſt neuer taſted better Nectar than out of *Fennors* Waſſaile Bowle, which hath ſo transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his noſe like a Fauſſet with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the Almanacke-makers, and Phyſicians are alike grand enemies of Sacke, as for Phyſicians being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and miniſter ſimples, but if I meete with you, I'll teach you another receipt.

Sim. Why meet him Tutor? you may eaſily meet him. I know him Sir, *& cognitione diſtincta & confusa* I warrant you, doe you not ſmell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanack againſt drinking Sacke? ha *Stroffe*? haue I found you *Stroffe*? you will ſhew your ſelfe, I ſee, when all is done, to be but a Brewers Clarke.

Ariſtip. But farre better ſpeaks the diuine *Ennius* againſt your Ale, and Barly-broth, who knew too full well the vertue of Sacke, when *Nunquam niſi potus ad arma proſiluit dicenda*; his verſes are in Latine, but becauſe the audience are Schollers, I haue tranſlated them into Engliſh, that they may be vnderſtood. Heere read them.

1 Schol. *There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,*
Or elſe of the waters the furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough by which it to call,
But yet as I wiſt it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thicke, and piſſe it out thinne,
Mickle ſiteh by Saint Loy *that it leaues within,*
But I of complection am wondrous ſanguine,

And will loue byth' Morrow a cup of wine,
To liue in delight was euer my woonne,
For I was Epicurus *his owne ſonne,*
That held opinion that plainely delight
VVas very felicity perfite:
A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere
To make one blyth, buxom and debonaire,
'Twill giue me ſuch valour and ſo much courage,
As cannot be found twixt Hull *and* Carthage.

Ariſtip. But aboue the wit of humanity, the diuine *Virgil* hath extol'd the *Encomium* of Sacke in theſe verſes.

2 Schol. *Fill me a Bowle of Sacke with Roſes crown'd,*
Fill't to the brim, I'll haue my temples bound
VVith flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolique it;
Let me drinke deepe, then fully warm'd with wine,
I'll chaunt Æneas praiſe, that euery line
Shall prooue immortall, till my moiſtned quill
Melt into verſes; and Nectar-like diſtill;
I'm ſad, or dull, till bowles brim fil'd infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my Muſe,
But once reuim'd with Sacke, pleaſing deſires
In my childhood kindle ſuch Actiue fires,
That my gray hayres ſeeme fled, my wrinkl'd face,
Growne ſmooth as Hebes, *youth, and beauties grace,*
To my ſhrunke veynes, freſh blood and ſpirits bring,
VVarme as the Summer, ſprightfull as the ſpring,
Then all the world is mine: Crœſus *is poore*
Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more:
And I in Sacke haue all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then haue I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the Pelean youth compare,
Him I will equall, as his ſword, my pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Doe not, Atrides, Neſtors *ten deſire*
But ten ſuch drinkers as that aged ſire,

His

His streame of honyed words flowed from the VVine,
And Sacke his Counsell was, as hee was thine.
VVho euer purchast a rich Indian mine,
But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine?
Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I haue out-liu'd my sorrow.

Aristip. Thus resting in the opinon of that admirable Poet, I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Simp. *Dixi*, dost thou say? I, and I'll warrant thee the best *Dixi* in *Cambridge*: who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Scholemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all, *pro & con*? I begin to hate distinction, *& actualiter*, *& habitualiter*, yet a pox to see, I cannot leaue them *nec principaliter*, *nec formaliter*; yet I begin to loue the Foxe better than subtilnesse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that hee might open the Gates to none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not loue you, I were ἀμαρτήματος φύσεως, and an absurdity in the abstract; Let's practise, let's practise, for I'll follow the steps of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall loue this Philosophy: before I heard this Lecture, *Bankes* his Horse was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning; and how learnedly I shall sleepe to night.

1 *Schol.* Sleepe to night! why? that's no point of your Philosophy; we must sit vp late and roare till we rattle the Welkin; Sleepe! what haue we to doe with deaths Cater-cousin? doe you thinke Nature gaue starres to sleepe by? haue you not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let me be crampt if I sleepe then, but what, must we sleepe in the day then?

Schol. Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what haue we to

doe with the sober time of the day?

Sim. 'Tis true, I see, we may learne something of our fellow Pupils, and what must wee doe now, fellow pupils? What must wee doe now?

1 *Schol.* Why? conferre our notes.

Sim. What is that?

2 *Schol.* Why? conferring of notes, is drinking off cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you.

1 *Schol.* Gramercy braue Lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not haue lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you too.

2 *Schol.* Faith, let mee haue it, let's share and share like boone Rascals.

Simp. I'll say my part to you both.

2 *Schol.* By my troath, and you haue a good memory, you haue con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what shall we haue for repetitions now?

2 *Schol.* I, what for repetitions?

1 *Schol.* Why the Catch against the Schoolemen in praise of our Tutor *Aristippus*: Can you sing *Simplicius*?

Sim. How begins it pray you?

1 Schol. *Aristippus is better.*

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I con'd it without booke, thinking it had been a Position.

Aristippus is better in every letter,
Then Faber the Parisiensis,
Then Scotus, Soncinas, and Thomas Aquinas,
Or Gregory Gandauensis:
Then Cardan and Ramus, then old Paludanus,
Albertus and Gabriella,
Then Pico Mercatus, or Scaliger Natus,
then Niphus or Zabarella.

Horiado,

Hortade, Trombetus, were fooles with Toletus,
Zanardus, and VVilde Hales,
VVith Occham, Tauellus, and mad Algazellus,
Philoponus, and Natalis,
The Conciliator, was but a meere prater,
And so was Apollinaris:
Iandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus,
With Masius, Sauil, and Swarez,
Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,
Peverius, Auienture;
Old Trismigistus, whose volumes haue mist vs,
Ammonius, Bonauenture,
Mirandula, Comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido the Carmelita:
The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,
No longer is my delight a:
Hang Brirewood and Carter, in Crakenthorps garter,
Let Keckerman too bemoane vs,
I'll be no more beaten, for greasie Iacke Seaton,
Or conning of Sandersonus.
The censure of Cato's, shall neuer amate vs,
Their frosty beards cannot nip vs:
Your Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our study,
Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the VVild-man, with two Brewers.

VVild-man. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Champions good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus and the Scholers.

Wild-

Wild-man solus.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong for them, and let me be hang'd, if euer I be milder to such Rascals, they shall find these but stale courtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the black-Art; I hate them worse then *Bellarmine*, the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon. I wonder what vertue is in this pewter-faced Authour, that it should make euery one fall into loue with it so deeply: I'll trie if I can find any *Philtrum*, any loue-potion in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities! Sure these are Comments vpon Tobacco, drie and iuiceless vanities. I'll trie againe, by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth relish some learning, still better, and admirable witty rogue, a very slash. I'll turne another leafe: still better, has he any more Authors like this? what's here, *Aristippus*? a most incomparable Authour. O *Bodly*, *Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke in all thy Library, heer's one line worth the whole *Vatican*. O *Aristippus*, would my braines had beene broken out when I broched thy hogs-head: O curst Brewers, and most accursed am I, to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*! what penance is enough to cleare me from this impardonable offence? twenty purgations are too little; I'll suck vp all my Beere in Toasts to appease him, and afterwards liue by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh, that I had neuer vndertooke this selling of Beere, I might haue kept my house with Fellowes Commons, and neuer haue come to this: But now I am a Wild-man, and my house a Bedlam: *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*?

He findes Pots.

He findes empty Papers.

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour Wild-man?

Wild-man. *O Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee, *Aristippus*.

Medico.

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wilde-man: O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee, *Aristippus*?

Medico. Why neighbour Wilde-man, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure vm.

Wilde-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcommest man on earth, Sir *Signior Medico de campo*, the welcommest man liuing, the only man I could haue wished for, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. Why what's the matter, neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation?

Wilde-man. O no Sir, learned Philosopher, one that I loue with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Neuer feare it, I haue one was sent from a——— faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that I did the great cure on, you haue heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as liuely, as euer I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I haue it now, *Prester Iohn* a pox on't, *Prester Iohn*, 'twas hee, hee, Ifaith, 'twas *Prester Iohn*; I might haue had his Daughter if I had not been a foole; and haue liu'd like a Prince all the daies of my life; nay, and perchance haue inherited the Crowne after his death; but a poxe on't, her lips were too thicke for me, and that I should not thinke on *Prester Iohn*.

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prester Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus*?

Med. What shold I doe with him?

Wilde-man. Why? in my rage Sir, I haue almost killed him, and now would haue you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Medico. Why call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

Medico. Saluе M. *Simplicius.*

Simp. Saluе me, 'tis but a Surgeons complement, *Signior Medico de Campo*, but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe. Are you there you *Vsquebaugh* Raſcall, with your *Methoglin* iuyce? I'll teach you Sir, to breake a Philoſophers pate; I'll make you leaue your diſtinctions as well as I haue done.

Wilde-man. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O *Ariſtippus*, *Ariſtippus.* I haue broken thy head, *Ariſtippus*, but I'll giue thee a plaiſter, *Ariſtippus*, *Ariſtippus.*

Medico. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the houſe can furniſh you with Barbers prouiſion, let all bee in readineſſe.

Exit Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Pray Sir, doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour, doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. What of the Thumbe? I haue not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you ſtill remember't, Sir.

Medico. Remember't? I, and perfectly, I haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one loſt his Thumbe, I by chance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket; ſome two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I ſet on his Thumbe againe, and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could haue his hand to ſhew for't: why did you ne'r heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis ſtrange you neuer heard mee ſpeake of the Thumbe Sir.

Enter

Enter three Schollers bringing foorth Aristippus in his Chayre.

1 *Schol.* *Signior de Medico Campo*, if you haue any art or skill, shew it now, you neuer had a more deseruing Patient.

Medico. Yet I haue had many, and royall ones too; I haue done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleeued in *England*.

2 *Schol.* Very likely so, and Cures in *England*, that will not beleeued beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witnesse, I am sure, the eyes that he weares, are of my making.

1 *Schol.* Hee was then an eye-witnesse: but I hope hee weares spectacles, *Signior*.

Medico. Why, won't you beleeue it? why I tell you I am able to say it, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of *Poland* of a Wart on's nose, and *Bethlem Gaber* of a Ring-worme.

1 *Schol.* The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inkehornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wiues medicines, the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicornes Horne, and a Bezars stone: Raw Beefe and Inkehornes! Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the Grand Sophies Court in *Persia*, when he had bin twice shot through with Ordnance, and had two bullets in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lie with his wife the Sopheis Neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians; and could this haue beene done with Raw Beefe and Inkehornes?

Sim. No sure, this could not haue beene done without Egges and Grosse sauce, or an Oatmeale Poultice at least.

Medico. The King of *Russia* had dyed of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 *Schol.* Some of that you meane, that stucke on the bullet which you tooke out of *Sherleyes* legges.

Medico. In the siege of *Ostend*, I gaue the Dutchesse of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated, when shee had not shifted it of a twelue moneth.

1 *Schol.* Beleeue mee, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salue, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 *Schol.* I, and cloze vp the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidlebergh*, I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the state of *Venice* of a Dropsie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not been treason, I had cur'd the Fistula, that it should haue dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knifes point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not haue mended it; which had it not come too late and after his death, would haue done him as much seruice as that which was shot off.

2 *Schol.* I easily beleeue that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that should so scoure the Seas, that neuer a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 *Schol.* By my faith, and that would bee a good State-Glister.

Medico. I haue done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the *English* Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 *Schol.* And yet had as much left, as serv'd fiue Cardinals on Fasting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish* or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst vndertake the King of *Friaus* his Cornes, and afterwards hauing cur'd him, I dranke a health to him.

Sim. Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*!

Medico. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for

a Mountebank? and hath mine owne tongue beene ſo ſilent in my praiſe, that you haue not heard of my skill?

2 *Schol.* No, pardon vs Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in, makes vs ſo ſuſpitious; we know your skill, Sir, we haue heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue ſpeake loud on't, we know beſides, that you are a Trauailer, and therefore giue you leaue to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his Surgeon?

1 *Schol.* His head, Sir, is ſo wondrouſly bruiſed, 'tis almoſt paſt cure.

Med. Why, what if he had neuer an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could ſet it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleeue me neighbour, but that would be as great a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Preſter Iohns* head.

Med. Why? I'll tell you Sir, what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of theſe, I was a Trauailer.

2 *Schol.* There is no ſuch great wonder in that, but what may be beleeued.

Med. And another friend of mine trauailed with me, and to be ſhort, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where miſſing my friend, I ran to ſeeke him, and came at laſt into a Land where I ſaw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very penſiue at his misfortune, or rather mine; at laſt I bethought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no ſooner drank of it, but they preſently diſgorged their ſtomacks, and fell aſleep; I Sir, gathered vp the miſerable morſels of my friend, placed them together, and reſtored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here ſtill aliue, he were able to witneſſe it himſelfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groates dammage, or a cracke Crowne.

1 *Schol.* Good Signior, make no ſuch delay, cure him, and haue one wonder more to fill vp your Legend.

Medico. Here hold the Baſon, you the Napkins, and you M. *Simplicius* the Boxes, how ſhall we do to lay his feare vpon?

on? By my troth Sir, he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceiue is cleane out of ioynt; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium*, there is but three onely whole, the reſt are miſerably cruſhed and broken, and two of his *Sutures* are cleane periſhed, onely the *Sagitall* remaines free from violence, the foure *Tunicates* of his eyes are thred-bare, the *Meninx* of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers loſt: there is not a *Cartilage* in his head worth three pence, the top of his noſe is dropt away, there is not a *Muſkle* left in the Cauities of his Noſtrils, his *dentes molares* are paſt grinding, his *Pallet* is loſt, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can ſwallow, I warrant his drinking ſafe: helpe, open his mouth. So, ſo, his throat is ſound: he's well I warrant you; now giue him a cup of Sack: ſo, let me chafe his Temples, put this powder into another glaſſe of Sacke, and my life for his, he is as ſound as the beſt of vs all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

Ariſip. Why, as lyuing as the Morning, all life, and ſoule, not a dram of body: I am newly come backe from hell, and haue ſeene ſo many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whoſe Art hath reſtored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Biſhop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingroſs'd all Arts to himſelfe, as if he had the Monopoly.

1 *Schol.* The onely Hoſpitall of ſoares.

2 *Schol.* And Spittle-houſe of infirmities, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One, that is able to vndoe the Company of Barber-ſurgeons, & Colledge of Phyſicians, by making all diſeaſes fly the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea, he is able to giue his skill to whom he pleaſe, by Act of deede, or bequeath it by Legacy, but he is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for euer.

1 *Schol.* Sir, death it ſelfe dares not anger him, for feare he ſhould begger the Sextons by ſuffering no graue to bee made, he can chuſe whether any ſhall dye or no.

2 *Schol.* And he do's't with ſuch celerity, that a hundred

Peeces of Ordnance in a pitch'd field, could not in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an houre; you owe him your life Sir, I'll assure you.

Aristip. Sir, I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine: thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophy, and 'tis your owne.

Mod. I haue gold enough Sir, and Philosophy enough, for my house is paued with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgiue the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heartily sorry for his offeuce to you.

Wild. O reuerend hPilosopher, and Alchimy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forsweare that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, I'll turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Aristip. Giue him a Gowne then, ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very iouiall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drinke a health to the company.

We care not for mony, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our mony, old Sack is our health.
Then let's flock hither
Like Birds of a feather,
To drinke, to sing,
To laugh and fing,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together.
Come let vs laugh, let vs drinke, let vs fing,
The winter with vs is as good as the Spring,
We care not a feather
For wind, or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes togeiher,
Conferring our notes together.

Simp.

Simp. Heark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I must haue it too, I am only left here to offer my *supplices* to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but commence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking; and because I am mar'd a iouiall mad rashall, I haue a great desire to be a Midsummer Batch'lor, I was onely stay'd to aske your leaues to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.

THE PEDLER, AS IT VVAS PRESENTED IN A STRANGE SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen,

SVch is my affection to *Phœbus*, and the ninety nine Muſes, that for the benefit of this royall Vniuerſity, I haue ſtrodled ouer three of the terreſtriall globes with my Geometricall rambling, *videlicet*, the *Aſia* of the Dolphin, the *Afrique* of the Roſe, the *America* of the Mitre, beſides the *terra incognita*, of many an Ale-houſe. And all for your ſakes, whom I know to be the diuine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten baſtards of the thrice three ſiſters, the learned ſilly-foales to Mounſier *Pegaſus*, Arch-hackney to the ſtudents of *Parnaſſus*: Therefore I charge you by the ſeuen deadly Sciences, which you more ſtudy then the three and foure liberall ſinnes, that your ha, ha he's may be recompence of my ridiculous endeauours.

I haue beene long in trauell, but if your laughter giue my Embryon ieſts but ſafe deliuerance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europ*, *Ieronymo* riſing from his naked bed, was not ſo good a Midwife.

But I ſee you haue a great deſire to know what profeſſion I

am of: first, therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckram honesty about me, and I sweare by these sweet lips, my breath stinks not of any State actions: I am no souldier, although my heeles be better than my hands: by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona*, I could neuer endure the smell of salt-Peter since the last Gunpowder treason: the voyce of a Mandrake to me, is sweeter musick than those Maximes of warres, those terrible Cannons; I am no Townsman, vnlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes; I am no Alderman, for I speak true English; I am no Iustice of peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Mutimus*, the venerable Bench neuer kist my worshipfull Buttocks; I am no Alchymist, for though I am poore, I haue not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone; I am no Lord, and yet me thinks I should, for I haue no Lands; I am no Knight, and yet I haue as empty pockets as the proudest of them all; I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will; I am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for I haue not beene stewed throughly at the Temple, though I haue beene halfe codled at *Cambridge*; Now doe you expect that I should say I am a Scholler, but I thanke my starres, I haue more wit than so; why, I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred-bare blacke Cloake, it lookes like a piece of *Beelzebubs* Liuery. A Scholler? What? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my nose: no; if I was what I wish I could but hope to be; but I am a noble, generous, vnderstanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedler.

But what is a Pedler? why, what's that to you? yet for the satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedler is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradesmen, a walking Burse, or moueable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast vniuerse, or a peripateticall Iourny-man, that like another *Atlas* carries his heauenly shop on's Shoulders.

I am a Pedler, and I ſell my ware
This braue Saint Barthol. or Sturbridge faire,
I'll ſell all for laughter, that's all my gaines,
Such Chapmen ſhould be laught at for their paines.
Come buy my wits which I haue hither brought,
For wit is neuer good till it be bought;
Let me not beare all backe, buy ſome the while,
If laughter be too deare, tak't for a ſmile;
My trade is ieſting now, or quible ſpeaking,
Strange trade you'l ſay, for its ſet vp with breaking?
My ſhop and I, am all at your command,
For lawfull Engliſh laughter paid at hand,
Now will I truſt no more, it were in vaine
To breake, and make a Craddock of my braine:
Halfe haue not paid me yet, firſt there is one
Owes me a quart for his declamation,
Anothers morning draught, is not yet paid
For foure Epiſtles at the election made,
Nor dare I croſſe him who do's owe as yet
Three ells of ieſts to line Priorums wit.
But heer's a Courtier has ſo long a bill,
'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
Relate the ſummes: Item, he owes me firſt,
For an Inprimis: but what grieues me worſt,
A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
Coſt me an houre, beſides fiue pots of Ale,
Item an Anagram on his miſtriſſe name,
Item the ſpeech wherewith he courts his Dame,
And an old blubberd ſcowling Elegy
Vpon his Maſters dogs ſad exequy,
Nor can I yet the time directly gather,
When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father,
Beſides he neuer yet gaue mee content
For the new coyning of's laſt complement,
Should I ſpeake all he's ſpoken to his praiſe,

The

The totall ſumme is, what he thinke, or ſayes,
I will not let you runne ſo much o'th ſcore,
Poore Ducke-Lane *braines, truſt me; I'l truſt no more,*
Shall's ieſt for nought, haue you all conſcience loſt?
Or doe you thinke our Sacke did nothing coſt?
Well, then it muſt be done as I haue ſaid,
I needes muſt be with preſent laughter payd,
I am a freeman, for by this ſweet ryme,
The fellowes know I haue ſecur'd the time,
Yet if you pleaſe to grace my poore aduentures,
I'm bound to you in more than ten Indentures.

But a pox on *Skeltons* fury, Ile open my ſhop in honeſter proſe, and firſt, Gentlemen, I'l ſhew you halfe a dozen of incomparable poynts.

I would giue you the definition of points, but that I think you haue them at your fingers ends, yet for your better vnderſtanding,

A poynt is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend of a good mans longitude, whoſe center and circumference ioyne in one diametricall oppoſition to yonr equilaterall Doublets, or equicrurall Breeches; but to ſpeake to the point, though not to the purpoſe.

1 The firſt point is a point of honeſty, but is almoſt worn out, and has neuer beene in requeſt ſince trunk-Hoſe and Codpeece-breeches went out of faſhion, it's made of ſimplicity Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing; if there be any knaues among you (as I hope you are not all fooles,) faith buy this point of honeſty, and the beſt vſe you can put it to, is to tye the band of affection: but I feare, this point will finde no Chapman, ſome of you had rather ſell, than with *Demoſthenes* buy honeſty at ſo deare a rate: oh, I could wiſh that the Breechees of Bowſers Stewards, Taxors, Receiuers, and Auditors were truſſed with theſe honeſty points; but ſome will not bee tyed to it, but hiſt Tom, it is dangerous vntruſſing the time.

2 The

2 The next is a point of Knauery, but I haue enow of them already, yet becauſe I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who giues me moſt, ſhall take it, and the deuill giue him good on't, this point is cut out of villanous Sheepeskin parchment in a Scriueners Shop, tagg'd with the gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of, when it borrowed his eares, if he doe but faſten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow ſo corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waſte, this point of Knauery has bin a man in his daies, and the beſt of the Pariſh, foureteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this: a point of Knauery, is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play faſt and looſe, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Pariſh, and now ſtands to be Preſident of Bridewell, where I leaue him, hoping to ſee him truſſ'd at Tiburne.

3 Amongſt all my points, a point of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richeſt point in my packe, and is neuer out of faſhion at Innes of Court: if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for I'l giue you this gift, that you ſhall haue it in ſpite of your teeths.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long loſt amongſt a croud of clownes, becauſe it was only in faſhion on this ſide *Trent*.

This point is almoſt found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heauens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defi'ld, but I hope to ſee it cleane waſh't a way with the ſope of good gouernment.

This point, to giue you a little inckling of it, begins from the due obſeruance of a Freſh man to Sophiſters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of falſe doctrine, ſnatch'd from the codpeece of a long-winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him. Tag him with a piece of Apocrypha, and he breaks in ſunder, truſſe him to the Surpleſſe, and his

Breeches will presently fall downe with the thought of the whore of *Babylon*.

Hee hates vnity and Church-discipline so farre; that you cannot tye a true-loues knot on him: cut off his tags, and he will make excellent strings for a *Geneua* Bible; I would haue these points anathematized from all the religious breeches in the company: 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end with selfe-conceit, at the other with wilfull opinion, this point is fit for no seruice, but *Lucifers* Cacotruces: but why talke I so long of this point, it is pitty it is not licensed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy? If you would haue a more full point, I can furnish you with a Period; I haue a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you affect those points; but I loue them so well, that I grieue at the ignorance of my infancy, when my most audacious Toes durst play at spurne-point.

Who will not pitty points, when each man sees
To begging they are falne vpon their knees?
Though I begge pitty, thinke I doe not feare
Censuring Critticke whelps, no point Mounsier:
If you hate points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want points for to trusse vp your Breeches.
And from the close-stole may he neuer moue,
That hating points, doth claspe and keepers loue;
But if my points haue beere at all offended,
Ile tell you a way how all may be amended:
Speake to the point, and that shall answer friend,
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.

Then

Then the Pedler brought forth a Looking Glaſſe.

The next is a Looking-Glaſſe, but I'l put it vp againe; for I dare not be ſo bold as to ſhew ſome of you your owne faces; yet I will, becauſe it hath ſtrange operations, *viz.*

If a crackt Chamber-maid dreſſe her ſelfe by this Looking-Glaſſe, ſhee ſhall dreame the next night of kiſſing her Lord, or making her miſtreſſe a ſhee Cuckold, and ſhall marry a Chaplin, the next liuing that falls.

If a ſhale Court Lady looke on this Reflection, ſhee may ſee her old face, through her new Complection.

An Vſurer cannot ſee his conſcience in it, nor a Scriuener his eares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his *Actæons* furniture is no longer inviſible: Corrupt takers of bribes may reade the price of their conſciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot ſee the face of a Scholler in it. If one of our ſewel-nos'd Carbunckl'd rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of ſeeing their owne faces in it, the poore Baſiliskes will kill themſelues by reflection.

If a blinde man ſee his face in this, hee ſhall recouer his eye-ſight.

But I ſee no pleaſure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my ſelfe inclined to ſuch a dangerous diſeaſe, that I feare, I cannot liue heere aboue foure yeeres longer: Howſoeuer, I hope after my diſeaſe, we ſhall drinke the parting-blow.

If any this Looking-Glaſſe diſgrace,
It is becauſe he dares not ſee his face:
Then what I am, I will not ſee (faith) ſay,
'T was the whores Argument, when ſhe threw't away.

Then

Then the Pedler brought foorth a boxe of Cerebrum.

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vacuum* there is in most of our *Cambridge* Noddles, I haue here to sell a soueraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the *sinciput* of *Demosthenes*. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: wee owe the first inuention of it to Sir *Iohn Mandeuile*, the perfection of it to *Tom* of *Odcombe*, who fetch'd it from the gray-headed Alpes in the *Hobsons* Waggon of experience; I sweare as *Persians* vse, by this my Coxcombe, this Magazine of immortall roguery: but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee simple.

These braines haue very admirable vertues, and very strange operations; foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make him write true Latin: three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniuersity Gander; the terrestriall head of a high-Constable, will be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-panne of a Bambery brother.

Come buy my braines, you ignorant guls,
And furnish heere your empty sculs;
Pay your Laughter as it's fit,
To the learned Pedler of wit,
Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'l shut my shop, and fooles you'l dye.
If your Coxcombes you would quoddle,
Heere buy braines to fill your noddle.

who

Who buyes my braines, learnes quickly here,
To make a Probleme in a yeere:
Shall vnder ſtand the predicable,
And the predicamentall Rabble.
Who buyes them not, ſhall die a foole,
An exotericke in the Schoole.
Who has not theſe, ſhall euer paſſe
For a great Acromaticall Aſſe:
Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,
Shall neuer ſurfet on too much wit.

Then the Pedler brought forth a Whetſtone.

But leauing my braines, I come to a more profitable Commodity: for conſidering how dull halfe the wits of the Vniuerſitie be, I thought it not the worſt traffique to ſell Whetſtones.

This Whetſtone will ſet ſuch an edge vpon your inuentions, that it will make your ruſty iron braines, purer mettle, then your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capacities on this Whetſtone, and you may preſume to dine at the Muſes Ordinary, or ſuppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this be not true, I ſweare by the Doxies Petticoates, that I'le neuer hereafter preſume of a better vocation, then to liue and dye the miſerable factor of Conny-skins.

Then the Pedler brought out Gloues.

I haue alſo Gloues of ſeuerall qualities: the firſt is a paire of Gloues made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadſtone, that has the vertue to draw gold vnto it; they were perfumed with the conſcience of an Vſurer, and will keepe ſcent till wrangling haue left *Weſtminſter* Hall; they are ſeamed with

Indenture, by the needleworke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Nouerint Vniuerſi*. I would ſhew you more, but it is againſt the Statute, becauſe a *Latitat* hath beene ſerued lately vpon them. And few of you need any Gloues, for you weare Cordouant hands.

Night-Caps.

My next Commodities, are ſeuerall Night-caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candlelight. The firſt is lined with Foxe furre, which I hope to ſell to ſome of the Sophiſters; it hath an admirable faculty for curing the Crapula, aboue the vertue of Iuie, or bitter Almonds; nay, the porredge pot's not comparable vnto it.

I haue another, fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his laſt Will and Teſtament bequeathed to the City as a principall Charter, it was of *Diana's* owne making; *Albumazers Otacouſticon* was but a Chamberpot in compariſon.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your graue ouerwiſe Metaphyſicall heads: Marry, they are ſo tranſcendent, that they will not bee comprehended within the predicant of a Night-cap.

Ruffes.

I haue alſo ſeuerall Ruffes; firſt, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb-lawne for the Vniuerſitie ſtatutes: I haue a Ruffe for the Colledge too: but by this badge of our Colledge (my reuerend Lambskins) our backbiters ſay, our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of ſtocke; I haue no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of ſtrong hempe, you may haue them who will, at the Royall Exchange of Tiburne.

As

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriueners ſhop, there is good hope honeſty will come in faſhion againe.

But you will not beſtow your mooey on ſuch trifles: why? I haue greater wares.

Will you buy any Parſonages, Vicarages, Deaneries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordſhips crackt Chamber-Maid, the other is the reſeruing of his Worſhips tythes; or you may buy the Knights horſe three hundred pound too deare, who to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks, but the downe-right way is three yeeres purchaſe. Come bring in your Coyne; Liuings are *Maiori in pretio* now, then in the daies of Doomeſday booke, you muſt giue preſents for your preſentations: there may be ſeuerall meanes for your inſtitution, but this is the onely way to induction that euer I knew: but I ſee you are not minded to meddle with any my honeſt Leuiticall Farmers.

Then the Pedler tooke out a Wench made of Alabaſter.

But now expect the treaſures of the World, the treaſures of the earth digg'd from the mynes of my more then Indian paunch. Wipe your eyes, that no enuious clouds of muſty humours may barre your ſight of the happineſſe of ſo rare an obiect.

Come from thy Palace, beautious Queene of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, riſe like the morne,
Clad in the ſmocke of night, that all the ſtarres
May loſe their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man i'th Moone,
To borrow his dogge to leade the ſpheares a-begging.

Rare Empreſſe of our ſoules, whoſe Charcole flames
Burne the poore Colts foot of amazed hearts,
View this dumbe Audience thy beauty ſpies,
And then amaz'd with griefe, laugh out their eyes.

Heer's now a rare beauty, oh, how all your fingers itch, who ſhould be the firſt Chapman? This will be a dainty friend in a corner. And were not better to imbrace this pretty ſhambles of beauty, this errant Poultry of perfection, than to tumble your ſopy Laundreſſes? Is this like your daggle-tail'd Bed-makers? when a man ſhall lie with Seacole aſhes, and commit adultery with the duſt of his chamber?

Me thinks this peereleſſe Paragon of complection ſhould be better countenanced. She would ſet a ſharper edge on your appetites, than all the three-penny Cutlers in *Cambridge*.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty fleſh and blood will neuer leaue tempting: yet I proteſt by the ſweet ſole of this incomparable ſhee, I neuer had any acquaintance with the pretty Libraries of fleſh, but onely this: This is the ſubiect of my muſe; This I adorne with coſtly Epigrams, and ſuch curious Encomiums, as may deſerue immortality in the Chamberpots of *Helicon* and thus my *Furor Poeticus* doeth accoſt her.

Faire Madame, thee whoſe euery thing
Deſerues the Cloſe-ſtooleof a King:
Whoſe head is faire as any bone,
White and ſmooth as Pumex ſtone.
VVhoſe naturall baldnſſe ſcornes to weare
The needleſſe excrements of hayre.
VVhoſe fore-head ſtreakes, our hearts commands,
Like Douer Cliffs, *or* Goodwyn *ſands.*
VVhile from theſe daintie Glo-worme eyes,
Cupid *ſhoots plum-pudding pyes,*
VVhile from the Arches *of thy noſe,*
A Creame-pot *of white Nectar flowes:*

Faire

Faire dainty lips, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſleeke,
And truely Alablaſter cheeke.
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meate
That ſuch pretty milneſtones eate.
O let mee heare ſome ſilent ſong,
Tun'd by the Iewes-trumpe of thy tongue.
Oh, how that Chin becomes thee well,
Where neuer hairy beard ſhall dwell:
Thy Corall necke doth ſtatelier bow,
Then Ios when ſhe turn'd a Cow:
O let mee, or I ſhall ne'r reſt,
Sucke the blacke bottles of thy breſt:
Or lay my head, and reſt mee ſtill
On that dainty Hogmagog hill.
Oh curious, and vnfathom'd waſte,
At ſlender as the ſtatelieſt Maſt:
Thy fingers too breed my delight,
Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
Oh pitty then my deſmall moave,
Able to melt thy heart of ſtone.
Thou know'ſt how I lament and howle,
Weepe, ſnort, condole, looke ſad and ſcowle.
Each night ſo great, my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,
Thy Petticoate to pitty moou'd.
Then let thy Pedler mercy finde,
To kiſſe thee once, though it be behinde.
Sweet kiſſe, ſweet lips, delicious ſence,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
Bleſt Petticoate, more bleſt her Smocke,
That daily buſſeth her Buttocke:
For now the Prouerbe true I finde,
That the beſt part is ſtill behinde.
Sweet dainty ſoule, daigne but to giue
The poore Pedler, this hanging Sleeue.

And

And in thine honour, by this kisse,
I'le dayly weare my Packe in this,
And quickly so beare thee more fame,
Then Quixot *the Knight Errants dame:*
So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,
And once againe re-blesse my Pouch.

Is it not pitty such ware should not bee bought? Well, I perceiue the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned pockets: well, I'le to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and then carry the Reliques to *Rome*.

The Pedler cals for his Coltstaffe.

Some friend must now perforce,
Make haste, and bid my Boy
To saddle me my woodden Horse:
For I meane to conquer Troy.

FINIS.